

Keep Me (In The Dark)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11434518) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11434518>.

Rating:

Explicit

Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationships:

Kim Seokjin | Jin/Park Jimin, OT7 - Relationship, Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi | Suga/Park Jimin, Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster/Kim Taehyung | V/Park Jimin, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Park Jimin, Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi | Suga

Additional Tags:

Dom/sub, Bondage, Sensory Deprivation, Gangbang, Humiliation, Edgeplay, i almost forgot the most important tag, Face-Fucking, ...this is basically just a bunch of filth. whoops, i really don't know how to tag this but i'm trying my best, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Cock Rings, Bottom Park Jimin, Watersports, only a little tho

Language:

English

Stats:

Published: 2017-07-08 Words: 9,480 Chapters: 1/1

Keep Me (In The Dark)

by [pornographicpenguin](#)

Summary

Jimin wants to feel helpless. Wants to feel used. Wants to feel messy and dirty and maybe just a little bit broken by the end of the day because whenever he does it just makes every part of him sing with excitement.

Notes

this is a b-day present for the lovely [caden!!!](#) happy birthday, my dude. you always give me the most brilliant ideas & always manage to find the best words to make me feel better whenever life is just a little shit. you're a really sweet boy and i appreciate you SO much <3

but, anyways -- here's some Absolute Filth to show i love you.
lmao

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Come on baby, you can do it."

Yoongi's fingers rub out comforting circles on Jimin's stomach as Jungkook pulls back, hesitating. The head of his cock rests just shy of Jimin's lips, coated in spit and precome and mucus. Jimin snuffles, his nose running and eyes watering beneath the soft black fabric of his blindfold. Drool spills over his lips as he clenches around the spider gag holding his mouth open.

He hears Jungkook pant, his lips smacking at he opens his mouth. "Are you sure he's okay?"

Jimin's thighs are parted on either side of Yoongi's hips, his ass resting in Yoongi's lap, his head tilted backwards on the arm of the couch so Jungkook can fuck his throat properly. He's naked, and hard, and Yoongi keeps rubbing his thumb on Jimin's stomach on either side of his cock pressed hard up against his belly, and — and Jimin feels like he's about to cry.

He stifles the desire to struggle. He knows that Jungkook is legitimately nervous, knows that he shouldn't add to that anxiety — so he lets Yoongi talk.

"He's gonna drop this ball if he wants us to stop, okay, Jungkookie?"

Jimin feels Yoongi's fingers brush across his wrist, hanging over the edge of the couch. A shiver runs down Jimin's spine and he doesn't fight the urge to struggle anymore, just kicks his hips up and squirms against Yoongi. He whines and squirms and kicks out until Yoongi grabs him by the throat and smacks him across the cheek.

"Be quiet." Yoongi's voice is low and angry, a rumble that makes something deep inside Jimin's chest quiver with fear. "Fuck his mouth, Jungkook."

There's an anxious noise from Jungkook's direction — but he feels the head of Jungkook's cock brush against his lips again, and Jimin can't help but turn his head to the side and kick his hips up.

And there's something so startling about the way Yoongi hooks his fingers behind Jimin's teeth and drags him back. Without his vision, Jimin has no idea what's coming — there's a split second between experiencing every sensation and figuring out what's happening to him, who's doing it to him, and it just adds to the growing sense of helplessness that sits heavy like a rock in his chest, that makes his

fingers tingle and hips kick.

Yoongi slaps him across the face again. Heat radiates across his cheek.

"Jungkook," Yoongi says.

He grabs Jimin by the chin, his thumb digging into one cheek and fingers digging into the other. Yoongi holds his mouth open, and Jimin can feel the sharp little nubs of Yoongi's nails pressing into the delicate skin of his face. A few tears slip from the edges of his eyes and leak into the fabric of the blindfold.

A tense moment passes. It takes Jimin a long moment of wondering what he's doing — how Yoongi is going to punish him, how he's going to get roughed up in the next second — before he realizes that Yoongi is probably wordlessly asking if Jungkook wants to use his safeword.

There's the sound of fabric shifting but not much else. Yoongi's hand remains completely still, holding Jimin's mouth open. Unease sits low in Jimin's stomach for a moment before he rationalizes — Yoongi knows Jungkook better than anyone. Yoongi won't let him do anything that he'll regret at the end of the day.

It's a few moments later that Jungkook mutters a quiet, "Yes, sir." And it's not much longer after that Jimin feels the soft, wet head of Jungkook's cock nudge into his lower lip.

Yoongi tugs at his cheek, tugging him to the side like a fish on a hook. "That's it, baby..." he mutters. His voice is low and gravelly, the words mutter mostly under his breath, but Jimin can hear the way that Jungkook's breath catches when Yoongi speaks — if he weren't so out of it already (and his mouth weren't so thoroughly occupied) he might be tempted to laugh.

Jungkook's cock slides forward into his mouth, the motion long and slow. He starts off with shallow little thrusts, like he's afraid he might hurt Jimin. It's sweet, in a way, but —

"Harder, baby," Yoongi says. His thumb finally leaves Jimin's mouth — and Jimin doesn't know for certain, but he imagines that Yoongi is running his fingers down Jungkook's arm, his fingers brushing over goosebumps and erect hairs. "You can go harder, come on. Don't be afraid."

Jungkook's breath gets a little louder, a little harsher when he picks up the pace. He still stays shallow, but fucks into Jimin's mouth hard

enough that his whole torso rocks with the motion. He still doesn't fuck Jimin's throat, doesn't hit his gag reflex, but it's *better*, more satisfying, closer to what Jimin wants out of this whole scene.

He wants to feel helpless. Wants to feel used. Wants to feel messy and dirty and maybe just a little bit broken by the end of the day because whenever he does it just makes every part of him *sing* with excitement.

"Choke him."

A beat passes.

"He can take it."

Another moment passes in silence, Jungkook's cock heavy in Jimin's mouth.

But then Yoongi shifts, Jungkook gasps, the little bell on the front of his collar jangling. "What did I say, Jeon Jungkook?"

Yoongi growls and Jungkook *moans*, his voice breathy and sweet. "Fuck his, his mouth."

"I said," Yoongi says — the bell jangles again and Jungkook makes a tiny little noise of pain. Jimin imagines Yoongi is holding him by the hair or the collar. The image makes Jimin's stomach flip. "To make him choke on your cock like the worthless little bitch he is."

Jimin's hips kick up into Yoongi's stomach completely involuntarily. Yoongi grunts in annoyance before smacking Jimin right across the cheek. "Keep fucking still."

Yoongi's always had — a very, very good grasp on what it is that Jimin likes.

"Can you do that for me, baby?" Yoongi asks. Usually when he calls Jungkook by that name it's gentle, caring. He calls Jungkook *baby* whenever he plops himself down on Yoongi's lap, whenever he's having a bit of trouble figuring out how to complete a simple task, whenever he scrunches his nose up or flips his hair like Justin Bieber does. But this time it sounds — mocking. A little mean.

"Yes," Jungkook whines. "Yes, I can —"

"Unless you want to be the one taking his place."

"N-No," Jungkook stutters. "No, hyung, I can — "

"Then do it," Yoongi says. He shifts like he's reaching behind Jungkook's hips, and — oh, *oh*, Yoongi is reaching behind Jungkook to push him forward, his cock sinking further and further into Jimin's mouth until the head of his cock taps the back of Jimin's throat and he has to struggle to keep himself from gagging.

"That's right," Yoongi says. "Fuck his throat, Jungkook."

"Okay," Jungkook mutters. It sounds so tiny and so small — which just makes Jimin's heart pound and his stomach flip because Jungkook is so much *bigger* than either him or Yoongi, so much taller and stronger. His hips stutter forward, just as tentative as his voice, and Jimin does his best to breathe in steadily through his nose, to relax his throat so when Jungkook's cock nudges the back of his tongue again, it slips right down Jimin's throat — and Jungkook *gasps* —

"There you go, Jungkookie."

Jimin can't see, but he can perfectly imagine Yoongi's smile.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

There's a gasping noise from Jungkook that sounds a lot like it might be accompanied by a desperate nod.

Yoongi's hands come down on either side of Jimin's hips. "Harder," he says. "Choke him harder, baby."

This time, Jimin can't quite keep up. Jungkook thrusts into his throat more quickly, more recklessly, and Jimin gags around his cock, his throat spasming around the head as Yoongi wraps his thumb and forefinger around Jimin's neck.

"There you go," Yoongi says. Jimin doesn't bother resisting the urge to whine, but it only comes out of his mouth like a desperate little choking noise. "See, Jungkookie?" Yoongi's hand leaves him for a second and Jimin claws at the upholstery of the couch with his free hand. He can't breathe, can't breathe, and the logical part of him knows that Yoongi is a good dom, knows his boundaries, is good at reading the situation, but the tiny animal-brained part of him just *panics*.

Jungkook's fingers brush against Jimin's throat, tracing out the thick line of his cock beneath Jimin's skin. "You can feel that, can't you?"

Yoongi asks. Jungkook gasps out a wordless, breathless little noise and Jimin's jaw clenches around the gag, his hips kicking up and he *struggles* .

Yoongi holds his shoulders down. "Pull back, Jungkookie."

Jungkook's cock leaves Jimin's throat with a slick, wet little sound. Jimin coughs, chokes a little, but Yoongi doesn't seem to pay any attention.

"Again," Yoongi says. Jimin imagines him beckoning Jungkook forward with a finger. Almost like calling a dog.

Jimin can't close his mouth — can't move, can't do anything but drop that little ball to tell them that he wants them to stop. Jungkook's cock slides into his mouth again and Jimin gags, coughs and panics when he feels Yoongi's fingers squeezing his throat again.

"That's right, baby," Yoongi says. Jungkook picks up a bit of a rhythm, fucking forward, forward, forward, before pulling back just far enough that Jimin can sputter and breathe. "That's right. Fuck him just like that."

Jungkook groans low in his throat. It's whiny, just a little needy, and Yoongi chuckles and caresses the head of Jungkook's cock through Jimin's throat. "Does that feel good?" he asks.

"Yes."

Yoongi makes a satisfied noise. "Good." He runs the tip of his nail down Jimin's throat, from the soft underbelly of his chin to the hollow just above Jimin's collarbones. "Because, you know," Yoongi says, "this little bitch loves being fucked like that."

Jimin's chest expands as Jungkook pulls back. He sucks in a deep, sputtering little breath, and before Jungkook can thrust back in, he shakes his head *no* .

"No?" Yoongi asks. "You don't like choking on cock?"

Jimin squeezes the ball so tight the knuckles of his fists go white. He doesn't want to stop, doesn't want this to end, he just wants — he wants to play the game. He wants to cry and scream and protest, wants to pretend that he doesn't want it, because it's always so fucking good whenever they hold him down, whenever they slap him and bruise him and make him cry —

"You're pretty fuckin' hard for someone who doesn't like choking on dick."

The heel of Yoongi's palm digs into the base of his cock with so much force Jimin can't help but *yelp*. He tries to sit up but Jungkook holds him down, pressing onto his shoulders and Jimin can feel himself shaking, can feel tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. There are damp spots on the blindfold and hot, sticky little trails dragging over his temple.

He chokes again when Jungkook fucks his throat — feels himself gag, his abdominal muscles clenching, his nose starting to run.

"And it doesn't really matter if you don't like it, does it?"

Yoongi leans forward until his breath ghosts over Jimin's neck, his chest rumbling right up against Jimin's skin.

Jungkook kicks his hips forward again. Jimin chokes.

"It doesn't matter what you want," Yoongi mutters. "You're just a dumb little set of fuckholes, right?"

Jimin doesn't get the chance to answer. Jungkook's hips finally pick up a proper rhythm, fucking forward into Jimin's mouth until he can feel Jungkook's wiry pubic hair against his chin, can feel Jungkook's own hands sliding along the bulge of his cock in Jimin's throat.

"That's right," Yoongi mutters. He's always so talkative during sex and right now Jimin could *not* be more thankful for it, wouldn't wish for anything else in the world because every fucking inch of his body is on *fire*.

Jimin can make out the sounds of something tiny and metal clinking — the zipper on Yoongi's jeans, he figures out after a moment. And then Yoongi pulls away, pushes Jimin's knees up until Jimin feels like he's about to be bent in half —

"Hyung," Jungkook mutters. " *Fuck* ."

Yoongi grunts. Jimin feels himself struggle — it's almost unconscious at this point, a visceral reaction to being held down and blindfolded and fucked until he chokes — but Yoongi just smacks him on the thigh.

It's so hard that Jimin can't help but scream — his whole throat

vibrating around Jungkook's cock, which just makes Jungkook fuck him harder, dig the tips of his fingers into Jimin's shoulders, and Yoongi doesn't pay him any mind as he positions himself and slides his cock right into Jimin —

It doesn't hurt. Seokjin had lubed him up that morning, pressing kisses into his hair and running his fingers down Jimin's spine. And Jimin has always been good about keeping himself relaxed. He has a lot of practice.

But it does burn a little — he can't seem to get himself to relax all the way, can't quite get himself to sit there and take it. Yoongi seems to understand — he goes slow, rubbing at Jimin's hip and then at his cock, stroking his fingers feather-light along the length.

"Oh, *fuck*." Yoongi swears when he pushes forward all the way inside Jimin, his hips pressed flush to Jimin's ass. "That's good."

He rubs the callused tip of his finger against the most sensitive bit of Jimin's cock — just beneath the head, his fingers teasing the little ridge of skin that makes Jimin's hips kick and his heartbeat pick up.

And then Yoongi stops just as quickly as he had started.

Jimin can hear the little smirk in his voice when he coos, "Good boy," and pats Jimin on the stomach. "Get back to fucking him, Jungkook."

—

When the two of them are done with him — after Jungkook's come dribbles across Jimin's chin and Yoongi comes across his stomach, rubbing his come almost mockingly into Jimin's hard, hard cock — they leave Jimin on the couch.

He whines and writhes when Yoongi ties his hands above his head, wraps a thick cord around his ankles so all he can do is squirm.

Yoongi only smacks him in response, doesn't even tell him to be quiet or chastise him for being needy. Jungkook giggles.

And Jimin can't really help the sad, pathetic little whine that makes its way out of his throat whenever Yoongi slides a thick ring of plastic around his cock and balls — Jimin nearly cries because he's so fucking hard already and Yoongi hadn't let him come, had stroked his cock until he was so close, *so close* and then just let him sit there, writhing and crying.

This time, Yoongi speaks to him.

"Shut up," he says, smacking the red, swollen head of Jimin's cock with an open palm. Jimin jolts. "Don't fucking whine."

And then the two of them — they leave him alone.

Jimin listens to their footsteps disappear up the stairs, Yoongi praising Jungkook about how good he did, what a good boy he was, and Jimin —

He squirms on the couch, trying to find some sort of friction against the upholstery — but he knows that if he gets come stains on the couch, Seokjin probably won't let him come for two weeks straight, and that's just —

He sucks in a breath and holds it.

Jimin stays still. He listens to the ambient noise of the house — Namjoon's thundering footsteps from his bedroom directly above the living room, the sound of pans clanking as Seokjin works on preparing lunch, the drone of the TV from somewhere in the house while Taehyung plays video games.

Jimin keeps still. He lets the various aches and pains of his body sink in — the feeling of Jungkook's come drying across his chin, the empty feeling that had sunk into his bones whenever Yoongi had pulled out of him, the way his hips and his throat ache with overuse, the violent throb of his cock that just won't fade —

Jimin takes a deep breath in.

He waits.

—

He doesn't know how much time passes before Seokjin comes to get him.

It feels like it might be ten minutes, a half an hour. Maybe more. The noises from the kitchen continue — Jimin wonders if he's put something in the oven, or asked Hoseok to take over for him — but Jimin would recognize those hands anywhere.

He wipes Jimin down with a warm towel first. He cleans Jimin's chin and his stomach, ever so gently wiping at his still-hard cock. Jimin

hisses.

"Come on, babe."

Seokjin's voice is kind, soothing. Jimin feels almost dizzy listening to it.

"Let's take care of you, come on."

Seokjin doesn't bother to undo the knots — just throws Jimin over his shoulder and carries him off in — some direction. Jimin doesn't even know. It sparks another bit of panic in him, his heart pounding against the inside of his chest — but after a moment he takes a deep, deep breath and figures that the two of them are probably going to the bathroom.

Jimin's suspicions are confirmed when Seokjin closes a door behind them and the room echoes like a small, small little space does — the noises of the rest of the house dulled and dimmed, Jimin's own heavy breathing echoing off the walls.

He slides Jimin off his shoulder very, very carefully. His ankles are still tied together so he has to be very, very careful with keeping his balance. Seokjin holds him around his waist, pulling Jimin close with one arm and using the other to loosen the spider gag just enough that it falls out from Jimin's mouth and around his neck. Jimin stretches his jaw, closes his mouth, and slides his still-bound hands behind Seokjin's head.

"Having a good time?"

Jimin is still a little out of it. He feels a bit like he's floating, or maybe just not entirely present in his body. "Un-huh," he says, nodding.

Seokjin grins. Jimin can feel it up against his neck. "Good."

He takes a brief moment to cup Jimin's balls in one palm — squeezes them lightly (enough to make Jimin's breath catch) — before he slips one finger under the cock ring and tugs it clean off him.

Jimin whines, low in his throat — he knows, logically, that Seokjin isn't going to let him come. Seokjin never lets him come. At least, not until the both of them are back in bed at the end of the day, Jimin's body worn and used. Sometimes Hoseok or Taehyung will, if Jimin begs enough, but — not Seokjin.

Instead, Seokjin just breathes in his ear. Pets at his hip and kisses the side of his neck. He runs his fingers up the length of Jimin's cock, his grip light and his touch clinical. "You think you can go for me, babe?"

Jimin makes a noise deep in his throat. He should have known that's why the two of them were here — and he can hear the smirk in Seokjin's voice, no matter how hard he tries to hide it. He's known Seokjin too long and far too well for him to be fooled by any of his acting ability. Jimin knows he gets off on things like this.

"M hard," Jimin says. He shifts against Seokjin, spreading his toes in a desperate attempt to keep his balance. "I can't — you *know* — "

"Try for me," Seokjin says. His voice is smooth and calm — he's got a different style of dominance than Yoongi does. He's soft with Jimin, a little insidious. Jimin always feels disappointed when he can't manage to follow Seokjin's commands, his gut curling with shame and his head buzzing with thoughts about how he's *bad, not good enough, needs to do better* — even when it's something that he knows, logically, that he can't do.

Yoongi — whenever Jimin can't do what Yoongi asks of him, he just feels afraid.

"I'm busy, Jimin," Seokjin says. His voice is gentle but Jimin knows what he's doing, knows he's trying to pull specific emotions out of Jimin, play him like a flute. "If you don't go now, I don't know when you'll get the chance to again."

Jimin is, of course — happy to be played.

"Okay," Jimin mutters. His voice is raspy, his breath coming in quick little pants. Seokjin angles his cock downwards and Jimin squeezes his eyes shut, grinds his teeth trying to will his cock to soften, just enough that he can —

"I can't," Jimin says. His voice cracks as he speaks. His mind keeps playing Yoongi and Jungkook over and over and over for him, Jungkook's cute little moans and Yoongi's low-pitched grunts, how Yoongi had grabbed him by the throat and squeezed, had called Jungkook *baby*, had sweet-talked him while he fucked Jimin's mouth, and he can't — "

He feels some small, small part of himself shrivel up in shame.

"Yes, you can, Jimin."

Seokjin squeezes him more tightly — one arm wrapped around Jimin just above his hips. For a long second, Jimin thinks that it's meant to be a hug before he realizes that Seokjin is pressing on his bladder.

Jimin's breath catches.

He hasn't peed since that morning, and — how many hours ago was that? Jimin's not really sure. But Seokjin presses the tips of his fingers into Jimin's bladder, slowly increasing the pressure until Jimin can't help but make a little noise of pain in the back of his throat.

"You can do it," Seokjin says. He sinks his teeth into Jimin's neck and Jimin *shouts* — "Go."

Jimin's urine trickles out of him in a thin, delicate stream. He feels his own voice shake in a wordless sound of desperation — it hurts, Seokjin digging his fingers into his bladder, but more than anything else Jimin just feels *relieved*.

"That's a good boy," Seokjin says. A shiver travels up Jimin's spine. He feels a bit like a dog being praised by its owner for doing a basic, simple little task. Shame curls in his belly.

When he's done, Seokjin combs his hair away from his forehead and kisses him on the temple. "Good job, baby."

He makes Jimin stand there, perfectly still, trying not to topple over, as he flushes the toilet and washes his hands. "Let's go feed you, now."

—

"I know how we can make this more fun."

It's Taehyung's voice. Seokjin had dropped him off in one of their rooms — he's still not really sure who's. His eyes have been covered for so long that he's starting to lose his sense of direction.

A video game controller hits the ground. It's either Hoseok's or Taehyung's or Jungkook's room, Jimin is sure. The floor is carpet, and they're playing video games. He's pretty sure the other person in the room isn't Jungkook — it just doesn't seem like him — but Jimin knows that he has the bigger television and most of the controllers end up in his room anyways.

"How?"

It's Namjoon's voice. The victorious Mario Kart music plays on loop as the two of them talk, so loud it nearly drowns out the rasp of Jimin's breathing. They're probably in Taehyung's room, then.

"Whichever one of us wins this next tournament gets to fuck him," Taehyung says. He sounds like he's grinning once of his big, boxy smiles.

Namjoon snorts. "Either of us can do that anyways."

"I know," Taehyung says. Jimin can perfectly imagine the way he smiles as he speaks, his teeth biting into his lower lip and his cheeks bunching up beneath his eyes as he grins. "It's just more fun this way." A beat of silence passes. Jimin squirms on the little — ottoman. He's bent over an ottoman, he thinks. "One of us fucks him and the other just has to watch."

Namjoon laughs. It's short, abrupt. A little more stressed than he normally sounds during situations like this. "You're such an exhibitionist," he says. But it doesn't sound mocking or tired, just — fond.

Taehyung laughs. "You like watching," he says. The tone of his voice hikes down an octave or so like it does whenever he tries to flirt. "And you suck at Mario Kart."

The sound of skin slapping on skin rings throughout the room.

"Shut up," Namjoon grumbles. "Come on, let's play."

To be totally fair — Namjoon doesn't play that often. He really isn't very good.

A few bell-like noises sound off. There's some rustling and some shifting and some quiet, quiet murmuring from one of them that Jimin can't quite make out — and then the music starts playing.

Jimin sits there quietly. He listens to the various noises — he, admittedly, doesn't play all that often either. But he recognizes a couple of the sounds. He knows whenever one of them falls off the edge of the track or slips over a banana peel or gets an item. He can usually pair up the in-game event with whoever it happens to because of the noises they make — a grunt of frustration or a little gasp of triumph.

As far as Jimin can tell, though — the two of them are actually fairly

well-matched. He wonders if Taehyung is distracted. Jimin can hear his breath echo across the room and it sounds...heavy. Maybe just a little desperate.

Jimin wonders if he's hard. Wonders if he's having trouble keeping his eyes on the screen when Jimin is *right there*, in his line of sight.

Wonders if Taehyung is thinking about fucking him. Thinking about watching Namjoon fuck him.

It sounds like it's close. The two of them play through three rounds — or is it four? Jimin can't keep his thoughts in order enough to count properly between trying to figure out who's winning and keeping himself from rubbing off against the soft, plush edge of the ottoman.

But eventually, Taehyung throws his controller down onto the ground — it makes a dull *thump* as it goes — and shouts, " *Ha!* "

Jimin takes this to mean that he's won.

A shiver runs down his spine.

"Alright, alright," Namjoon says. He sounds more amused than anything — which, Jimin supposes, makes sense. He knows Namjoon likes watching more than anything else. If Taehyung was distracted, there's a chance that he may have let Taehyung win on purpose.

Jimin doesn't know exactly why that makes his mouth go dry. He lets it be.

"Good game," Namjoon says. The sound of skin slapping against skin echoes through the room again — Jimin figures it must be a high-five or something like that. "Have at him."

"Of course," Taehyung says.

He sounds like he's grinning so wide he can barely speak.

The next thing Jimin knows, he's being rolled across the room. He has no sense of space, no sense of where he is in the room — just knows that Taehyung's hands are on his hips, that his hands are tied in front of him just loosely enough that he can grip the little orange ball and claw at the bottom edge of the ottoman. That Taehyung's fingers are dipping inside of him.

He hums. "Hey, could you hand me the lube? I think it's in that drawer."

Jimin's head spins. He loves it when they talk about him like he isn't there.

Wood scrapes and Namjoon grunts. Jimin wiggles against the ottoman — his knees don't quite brush the floor, all of his weight on the tips of his toes and his chest where it makes contact with the fabric.

Taehyung smacks him. "Stay still," he says.

Jimin whimpers.

Taehyung's fingers slip into him again, hot and wet. Jimin doesn't bother to keep himself from moaning. He knows that Taehyung likes it when he's loud.

"Aw, that's so cute," Taehyung says. He turns towards Namjoon — Jimin can tell because of the way his voice echoes — before asking, "How many times do you think he's gotten fucked already?"

A beat passes. "Dunno," Namjoon says. "At least once."

Jimin doesn't quite know what time it is — it must be getting later in the day. Lunch had already happened. Seokjin had fucked Jimin that morning beneath the heavy comforter of their bed — had fingered Jimin open slow and wet and then fucked him just the same, pressing kisses all along the back of Jimin's neck. Yoongi and Jungkook had fucked him on the couch that morning, and Hoseok — Hoseok hadn't, but during lunch he'd toed his sandals off and jammed the heel of his foot into Jimin's balls, teased the head of Jimin's cock with his toes.

(When Seokjin had seen it, he'd just rolled his eyes and continued to feed Jimin. "At least it's not your fucking hands," he'd said. Hoseok had laughed.)

"Probably more."

Jimin squirms on Taehyung's fingers — he feels so fucking sore still, but it's so — he still wants to be fucked so bad. Can't stop thinking about Taehyung's cock jammed up inside of him.

"And he's still fucking gagging for it."

Jimin makes a noise — he doesn't know whether it's meant to be a protest or an encouragement. Either way, it comes out garbled around the spider gag.

Taehyung laughs. "Did you hear that?" he asks.

Namjoon grunts in acknowledgement.

And Taehyung — Taehyung isn't a dom. He's not like Yoongi or Seokjin or Hoseok, doesn't feel that bone-deep desire to hurt or control or tease to the point of making someone else lose their mind a little.

He does, however, know exactly what Jimin likes.

Jimin supposes that's one of the many benefits of having known someone for so many years. Taehyung can read him like a book, even if Jimin feels too nervous to tell him explicitly.

And when he pulls his fingers out of Jimin with a slick little noise and shoves his cock inside of him with little to no warning —

Jimin likes that.

He gasps, desperately trying to claw at the ground, the material of the ottoman, something. His fingernails scrabble across the carpet, his voice coming out of him in *loud* little gasp-moans that he can't quite control —

"Fucking whore," Taehyung says.

He sounds almost like he's about to laugh when he says it — but it doesn't really fucking matter, not to Jimin, because in the next moment he knots his fingers in Jimin's hair and yanks his head back. The blindfold shifts over Jimin's eyes and he jumps a bit, having almost completely forgotten that it was there.

"Hand me the lube," Namjoon says.

Taehyung pauses, his breath heavy, ostensibly as he tosses the little bottle of lube back to Namjoon. Jimin feels his cock leak precome across the fabric of the ottoman — even with the cock ring back on him, squeezing him tight — and his cheeks burn with shame.

"You can fuck his mouth if you want," Taehyung says. He's breathless, his hips kicking forward into Jimin in soft, shallow little thrusts.

"Sokay," Namjoon says. His voice is rough, a little breathy — it makes Jimin's stomach flip when he realizes that Namjoon is probably jerking off to the sight of Taehyung fucking him. "I'm good with just — just watching."

Taehyung pulls a little more roughly at Jimin's hair and shuffles the two of them around slightly — until Jimin is facing Namjoon, he thinks. "If you say so," he says. "But..."

A beat passes before Taehyung reaches around Jimin, sinking his fingers into Jimin's mouth. And Jimin can't close, can't — can't really do anything about it, just sit there with Taehyung's cock buried inside of him and his fingers pressing down his tongue until he gags —

"Option's open."

He sounds smug.

Jimin whines when Taehyung finally starts fucking him properly — his hips bumping into Jimin's ass, his fist in Jimin's hair, yanking him back.

"*Shit*," he mutters. He bites at Jimin's neck, digs his fingernails into Jimin's shoulders. "That's good."

Neither Taehyung nor Namjoon had ever been particularly good at dirty talk — Namjoon could never say nasty things without blushing, and Taehyung never could without laughing — but there's something about the fact that they talk about him like he's not there, like he's just a thing for them to use, that makes Jimin's skin tingle and his gut flip and his mind go all fuzzy —

"Pretty," Taehyung coos. He kisses at the back of Jimin's neck — just like Seokjin does. It makes Jimin's whole body break out in goosebumps. "So pretty for us."

"*Fuck*," Namjoon mutters. And Jimin can hear it now, the little wet smack as he strokes his cock — imagines him all sprawled out on the edge of the bed, long legs and flushed cock, head tilted back.

Taehyung shoves Jimin forward, the wheels of the ottoman shuddering against the floor. His cock slips out of Jimin with a wet little *schluck* and Jimin jumps in alarm.

"Come on his face, Namjoon."

There isn't any more discussion — Namjoon doesn't protest, doesn't grunt in acknowledgement, just grabs Jimin by the hair and tilts his head into the right position and a few moments later his come sputters hot across Jimin's cheeks, his nose, into his open mouth —

"Fuck," Taehyung mutters.

He presses back into Jimin without much warning. Panic punches Jimin in the gut and he *struggles* — but Taehyung just holds him down, presses his whole weight to Jimin's back and keeps him still, fucks into him hard and fast. He's so much *bigger* than Jimin, and even with his eyes covered Jimin can feel it, Taehyung's broader shoulders and his longer body, his deep-pitched grunts right in Jimin's ear while Namjoon dips the wet head of his cock into Jimin's mouth and rubs it against the inside of his cheek. He wiggles against Taehyung's hold, struggles against the ties holding his ankles together and, when all that does is pull at his skin, a few noises that sound just a little like sobs rip out of his throat —

"You okay, Jimin?"

It's Namjoon asking him, his hands combing through Jimin's hair.

Taehyung's hips stutter to a halt. "He has the ball?"

Jimin's eyes flutter open and closed under the blindfold. He feels a little like he's floating, his whole body coursing with enough adrenaline to make his heart flutter and his head spin. Slowly, he nods his head up and down. He's not entirely sure which question he's answering *yes* to — before he realizes that the answer to both is the same.

Taehyung's hips stutter forward again.

"Then he's fine."

—

When Hoseok approaches him, it's evening.

Taehyung had dumped him on — on somebody's bed when they were through with him. He still had come all over his face and dripping down his thighs when Taehyung had dropped him onto the bed, the springs creaking beneath him as he bounced.

Jimin had clawed at the sheets, completely disoriented, his heart pounding, the ball scuttling out of his hand —

"Did you mean to drop this?" Taehyung had asked. His voice had been calm, soothing. Jimin had shaken his head *no*, and Taehyung had silently handed it back to him.

He hadn't said a word before he left the room, the door shutting behind him with a small *click* . And then Jimin had been alone ever since.

He isn't sure whose room he's in for a long time. He grasps at the sheets, stuffing his nose into the covers to try to maybe pick up on the scent — but all he smells is the fabric softener they all use, and he's too scared to move anywhere else for fear of getting come all over the sheets, or — or falling off the bed and not being able to catch himself.

He's not sure how much time has passed by the time someone opens the door.

Whoever it is doesn't speak to Jimin. There's a small noise of surprise — it sounds a little like Hoseok or Namjoon or maybe Seokjin — but Jimin doesn't really know. He figures this isn't the room he shares with Seokjin (the sheets are too thick) and Namjoon wouldn't really be surprised to see him here because he was with Taehyung just before he dropped Jimin off. But at the end of the day he doesn't really know.

He walks up to Jimin, gently running his hands down Jimin's side and over the plush curve of his ass. Jimin wiggles and receives a smack in response, followed by a steady hand on his hip, but — no words.

Anxiety slithers around Jimin's heart.

The man unhooks the spider gag from around Jimin's head. He gently lifts it over Jimin's head, carefully lifting it away and silently placing it somewhere off to the side.

Jimin stretches his jaw. He presses his teeth together and runs his tongue over his dry, dry lips.

"Hoseok?" he asks.

His voice cracks. He feels small, helpless, a knot of panic tightening in his gut the longer the silence continues.

He doesn't receive an answer. Just the sound of footsteps and the shuffling of drawers.

And Jimin — there are a lot of things that he knows logically. He knows, logically, that this is probably Hoseok. He's probably in Hoseok's bed, in Hoseok's room. The breath and the set of footsteps he hears are almost *definitely* Hoseok's.

But there's something else about it — about being tied up and blindfolded and functionally fucking *helpless* at the will of a stranger that, no matter how much Jimin rationalizes it, is absolutely terrifying.

He jumps when he feels fingers slide down his side and over his thigh. Goosebumps prickle up behind Hoseok's fingers in a thick trail, Jimin's whole body swelling upwards as if to follow the touch as it disappears.

Jimin gasps. He doesn't open his mouth and the sound rings throughout his skull, dulling any noises Jimin might be able to make out to anticipate what will happen next.

He nearly jumps out of his skin when something touches the tip of his cock. For a brief moment, it's cold and smooth and then all at once it's buzzing, vibrating, and the sensation is so strong that Jimin tries to buck away —

And then a whole hand is surrounding the head of his cock, caging it up against his belly and Jimin shrieks, trying to twist his hips to the side and yanking at the sheets with his one free hand, his voice jumping as the hand presses harder and harder up against him, the head of his cock squished between the vibrator and his own stomach —

And then, all at once, it's gone.

Jimin's whole body shakes in the cool silence of the room. His chest rattles as he struggles to breathe in, his hands and his feet shaking with aftershocks of that intense stimulation.

A hand lands on his ankle. Jimin kicks out in surprise, but the grip on his foot keeps him in place. He feels a squeeze before the fingers start travelling up his leg, over the crook of his knee and down the length of his thigh.

"Hoseok?" Jimin asks, breathlessly.

He only receives a little snicker in response. And it does — it sounds sort of like Hoseok, but also sort of like Jungkook, maybe, and it's almost definitely Hoseok, *has* to be Hoseok, because who else it is going to be, but —

The hand wraps around his cock. He's still wearing the little cock ring, snug tight around his balls and the base of his cock. Jimin gasps

— and what he expects is for Hoseok (or whoever it is) to pull the little ring off, to edge him or play with him or anything else. But instead there's just silence, the hand hot and warm around the base of Jimin's cock, his abdominal muscles fluttering as he tries to keep himself still.

Hoseok drags his hand up the length of Jimin's cock slowly. His hand is slick with lube and when he reaches the end of Jimin's cock he just lets go, lets his whole hand slide off and Jimin gasps, biting his lip, trying not to chase the feeling. But Hoseok does it again, his fist warm and tight at the base of his cock, slowly sliding his fist up and up and up until it's gone completely, and Jimin whines in the back of his throat, his hips kicking up to try and chase Hoseok's hand.

A light, amused little laugh sounds off next to Jimin's ear. It's closer than he expects.

"Cute," he hears, and it's — it's definitely Hoseok.

Jimin lets out a long sigh. His shoulders relax.

"Hoseok," he says. He runs his tongue over his lips, completely breathless — Jimin feels like he hasn't been able to breathe properly for the whole day.

There's another barely-there laugh. It's more like an exhale than anything else, but Jimin can hear the way his lips curl around a smile.

Hoseok doesn't say anything else. He pulls away entirely, leaving Jimin cold and shivering against the comforter. There's the shuffling of drawers, the clink of a few unidentifiable objects against one another, the shuffle of Hoseok's bare feet on the carpet. Jimin squirms and receives a harsh, open-palmed smack on his thigh in return.

"Stay still," Hoseok says.

Jimin nods.

His lips hang open as he tries to listen, figure out what Hoseok might do to him next. He can barely make out the *snap* of some sort of elastic object, the *thunk* of metal on wood, but nothing concrete. He has to sit there and try to control his breathing and *wonder*, try to puzzle out what Hoseok might be planning, who else is going to be there, what time it is and how long he's been like this, how much longer he'll be like this, *what Hoseok is going to do to him* —

He presses the vibrator up against the shaft of Jimin's cock. It's cool — probably made of metal — and turned off for the moment. It feels like comes up just shy of the head, a tapered tip pressing against the frenulum. A shiver runs down Jimin's spine.

"Stay still," Hoseok says again. Jimin nods, squeezing the ball tight in one fist and knotting his fingers in the other sheets.

He expects for Hoseok to switch it on.

But instead, he feels something thin and elastic wrap around him, then *snap* against the sensitive skin of his cock.

"Um — " Jimin says.

The bed creaks and Hoseok's fingers disappear along with his body heat. Jimin sucks in a sharp breath and tries to follow the sound of his movements around the room, but he can't hear anything over the pounding of his own heart.

"H—" he starts. He grasps the bed, trying to remember which way is up and which is down, disoriented and overwhelmed and completely *helpless* . "Hos—"

He cuts himself off with a yelp.

The vibrator switches on and it feels like — oh *god* it feels like —

Jimin doesn't realize for a long moment that he's babbling. His hips kick to the side — as if he could shake it off, because he's so sensitive, hasn't come all day and his whole body is *right* on the edge, his mind is right on the edge, and it's so much that it feels almost like it *hurts* — and then Hoseok's wide palm presses his hips flat to the mattress and his fingers slide into Jimin's hot little mouth and he —

"Hoseok," Jimin mutters. He squeezes the ball above his head and makes a long, wordless noise deep in his throat. "Hoseok, *please* , I —"

The fingers press his tongue down, the palm driving him into the mattress. The vibrator buzzes just beneath the head of his cock, just shy, and it feels so good but it's so much and he can't catch his breath or keep track of where the ceiling is or where Hoseok is or *anything* .

Something warm and dry touches his chest.

Jimin pauses for a moment — trying to sort through all the different sensations bombarding his brain — before realizing that Hoseok had just kissed him.

And then he's gone.

The vibrator's setting kicks up a notch and Jimin *shouts* .

He pulls at his bonds, his cock hard and swollen and Hoseok hadn't taken the cock ring off and he can *feel* an orgasm rise up in him only to be fought back down and he wants to cry, it hurts, it *hurts* and he's begging, begging Hoseok and pleading, not really sure what words are coming out of his mouth, what he's asking, he's —

"Hoseok?" he asks.

Silence.

Jimin can't hear much over the whirl of the vibrator. He tries to sit up so he might hear better but his abdominal muscles give out, leaving him flat on the bed. He struggles not to move, not to shift the sheets but he can't hear anything over his own heartbeat and the vibrator and the pounding in his own head, and he —

"Hoseok?" he asks again.

He forces himself to sit up, anxiety slithering around his heart. In that moment, he doesn't think logically — it doesn't occur to him that Hoseok would never leave him completely alone, that even if he did, there are five other people in the house who can probably hear him panting and shouting and babbling, that there's no way he's *alone* —

"H-Hos—" Jimin hears himself stutter. He thinks for a moment that he can hear Hoseok's breathing, feel his body heat, and Jimin reaches out with his bound hands, his ankles bumping the frame of the bed, his teeth chattering and his shoulders trembling, his cock bobbing against his stomach as the vibrator whirs and buzzes. He snatches his hands back, curling in on himself when he feels his stomach burn and tense like he's about to come even through the cock ring, his voice catching in his throat as a cut-off little whimper —

The only thing that stops him is the feeling of hands on his hips, under his legs, tugging him forward off the bed, and then he topples forward and he's struggling, his elbows pressed up against someone's chest.

Hoseok laughs. He adjusts his grip on Jimin's legs, squeezing him

tightly. Jimin can feel how his chest vibrates as he laughs. "You scared, baby?"

Jimin pants something nearly unintelligible. Everything is dark. He grasps at his little ball, at the collar of Hoseok's shirt, kicking and twisting in Hoseok's grasp —

Fingernails dig into Jimin's side. He's so close to coming, so close, orgasm after orgasm bitten off by the cock ring, by his own panic, and he's so hot and sweaty and desperate.

"Answer me."

"Yes," Jimin breathes. He can't move — Hoseok is stronger than him, and Jimin can barely move with how he's tied up. "I'm scared."

Hoseok laughs again. He always sounds just a little like a TV villain whenever he doms — always just a little evil, just a little out of his mind. But considering that he likes to make Jimin *afraid* more than anything else, that probably works in his favor.

Jimin shrieks when Hoseok drops him.

He lands in what feels like a chair — not more than a foot beneath him, but Jimin still scrambles, his heart pounding and his feet kicking out blindly as he tries to balance himself.

"Still," Hoseok says.

He presses Jimin back into the chair before carefully peeling the elastic cock ring off around the vibrator.

Jimin bites his lip as he tries not to moan, his blood flow readjusting, Hoseok's fingers appearing to play with the very tip of his cock.

"Good boy," Hoseok says. Jimin's heart pounds against the inside of his chest, panic still coursing through his veins. "Can you come for me, baby?"

Jimin nods. He leans back, hiking his hands up over his head to give Hoseok room — doesn't know exactly what position he's in, what he's going to do, but Jimin wants to be out of the way.

"Good boy," Hoseok coos. He plays with the slit of Jimin's cock, runs the rough pads of his fingers over the crown and the frenulum, the vibrator still running at full speed — Jimin hiccups, kicking his hips

up into Hoseok's grip. "Can you come like this?"

"Y-Yes." Jimin feels so empty, his insides scrubbed clean until the only thing that's left is the desire to do whatever Hoseok wants from him, whatever Hoseok needs from him — it's the feeling Jimin's always chasing after.

"Tell me when you're close." Hoseok squeezes at the head of his cock, jerking him with tight, quick motions.

"I'm — " Jimin says. It's only a moment later that he can feel an orgasm rising up in him, hot and unstoppable. "I'm close — "

Hoseok hums under his breath. He pulls his hand away and quickly shuts off the vibrator.

Jimin nearly screams.

Or he *does* scream — he's not really sure how to classify the sound that comes out of his mouth, just knows that he kicks his heels into the floor and strains upwards, chasing the feeling of Hoseok's hand, the little vibrator whirring against him.

"Beg me," Hoseok says. He sounds like he's sitting at Jimin's feet.

"Please," Jimin says. He doesn't bother with shame, embarrassment — he feels like he probably moved past all that about four hours ago.

"Please, Hoseok, I'm — "

He feels Hoseok's hand in his hair, tugging him roughly to the side.

"You can do better than that, baby."

"I'm — *please* Hoseok, please, I'm just a — I want to come, please, please, *please* — "

"What are you, baby?" Hoseok asks.

There are tears flowing down Jimin's cheeks. The blindfold is completely soaked at this point, the fabric finally giving out and forcing hot little tears to dribble down his cheeks.

"I'm a slut." Jimin's voice cracks as he speaks. He swears he can feel Hoseok's fingertips sliding up the shaft of his cock, touch so light Jimin can barely feel it. "Who likes — likes being used."

Jimin can make out the little noise of satisfaction that comes from the back of Hoseok's throat — and that's the only warning he gets before

the vibrator kicks back on, Hoseok's fingers wrap around the head of his cock, and Jimin's whole body tenses up, his heels digging into the floor and pushing his hips upwards as he *comes* —

"Hey."

Jimin is lying bondless on the chair when he hears Seokjin's voice from what he thinks is the doorway.

"Hey," Hoseok answers.

"Everything okay in here?" Seokjin asks. "There was some noise."

The spider gag clinks as Jimin turns his head. "M fine," he says. His lips feel sort of numb and his toes seem like entirely new appendages that Jimin *has* to get acquainted with by curling them into the carpet, but — in a good way.

"Edged him a little," Hoseok says. Something rough and cold swipes across Jimin's stomach. It takes him a second to realize that it must be a wash cloth, wiping his own come off his stomach. "He always gets kind of loud."

Jimin's head spins a little as he tries to think of what to say in response. Eventually, he just decides to purse his lips together and nod his head — which Seokjin apparently finds very amusing.

"The alarm went off," Seokjin says.

"Ah." The cloth glides gently across his dick, but a little shiver still runs down Jimin's spine.

"I'll take him off your hands."

"Sure," Hoseok replies. Jimin stiffens and bites the inside of his cheek as he's picked up — by Hoseok, not by Seokjin, because the chest pressed up against his cheek smells like Hoseok's cologne, not fabric softener and steam. "You need any help?"

"Nah," Seokjin says. Jimin groans as he's passed between the two of them — he trusts them, but it's still dark, a little scary. Jimin's toes clench and his shoulders stiffen. "I got him."

"Okay," Hoseok says. "We still doing the movie tonight?"

"Yeah," Seokjin says. The groan of the air conditioner grows louder as the two of them move through the doorway, Seokjin twisting him this way and that to avoid hitting his head on the doorframe. "Jungkook's setting it up. Should be down in like — twenty minutes, max?"

"Alright!" Hoseok's voice sounds like it comes from far away. The two of them must be moving down the hall fairly quickly. "See you!"

Jimin turns his head into the crook of Seokjin's arm. He decides that where they're going doesn't particularly matter.

He lets the world come. He stays quiet as Seokjin lays him down on their bed — and Jimin can definitely tell that it's *their* bed, because it smells like Seokjin and Jimin and the comforter is just the right level of scratchy. Jimin could never mistake it.

He lets Seokjin untie him. He rolls his face into the comforter and hums when Seokjin rubs at the indents left behind in his skin.

"Were these tight?" Seokjin asks. "Looks like it hurts."

Jimin shakes his head. "No."

Seokjin hums. As if he doesn't quite believe Jimin.

"No tingling," Jimin says. He wiggles his toes as if to demonstrate. "No problem."

Seokjin chuckles. "Okay," he says. "Alright."

He props Jimin's head up on the pillow and mutters a quiet, "Close your eyes," before sliding the blindfold off.

Jimin blinks. The lights are dimmed but they still burn his eyes. He supposes that's only natural after having spent — six? seven? — hours with his eyes covered.

"You okay?" Seokjin asks. He combs Jimin's bangs off his forehead.

"Yeah," Jimin says. His voice is hoarse. "I'm fine."

Seokjin smiles at him. "Good," he says.

Jimin giggles back. Seokin's smile is narrow and tight, his eyes scrunching shut as his cheeks bunch up. Jimin bites his lip.

"You look like a chipmunk," Jimin says.

Seokjin's jaw drops in mock offense. "Excuse me?" he says. He leans over Jimin, pinching his cheeks between his thumb and forefinger. "You're the one with the big cheeks."

Jimin giggles even more — his nose scrunched up as Seokjin pinches his cheeks and pulls outwards. He must look incredibly goofy, but Seokjin doesn't seem to care. Just leans forwards and presses a kiss to Jimin's forehead.

"Good day?" he asks.

Jimin grins as he throws his arms around Seokjin's shoulders and presses a wet, sloppy kiss to his lips. "Yes."

Seokjin helps him into his favorite pajama pants — still just slightly warm from the dryer — and a big t-shirt that nearly hangs down to Jimin's knees. He ruffles Jimin's hair and keeps one arm wrapped tightly around his waist even as they descend the stairs.

Everyone else is sitting in the living room. Sitting at the foot of the couch, Jungkook is flipping through Netflix and Yoongi is offering what sounds to Jimin like an incredibly bitchy commentary. Hoseok has a little smile on his face, nudging at Yoongi's shoulder with his toes every so often. Taehyung is on his phone, his head in Namjoon's lap.

They all look up as Seokjin and Jimin come down the stairs.

"Hey?" Namjoon asks. His eyes are bright as he looks up from the TV. "How are you doing?"

"Good," Jimin answers. His voice comes out in a neat little chirp. "Little sore."

Hoseok shuffles to the other end of the couch, making enough room for Seokjin and Jimin to take a seat.

Namjoon throws his arm around Jimin's shoulders. Jimin grins and turns his face into Namjoon's chest. Seokjin squeezes at his thigh, and Taehyung limply throws one arm across his lap.

Something warm glows deep in Jimin's belly.

"Pizza should be here in about twenty," Yoongi says. He turns around to address Seokjin, but his eyes linger on Jimin for a long moment. Like he's checking to make sure Jimin is okay. It's sweet. "We should

probably go ahead and get started."

"What're we watching?" Jimin asks.

Jungkook pauses. "The Matrix," he says after a moment. Like he's making a decision.

Quiet bitching ensues from Yoongi, and passive agreement from everyone else. Jimin nods. "Sounds good," he says.

Jimin feels warm, surrounded on all sides. His cheeks grow warm and he flops the long sleeves of his shirt over his hands.

He wiggles his feet up under himself, quietly shifting until he can tuck himself under Seokjin's arm. In the morning he'll have to worry about his responsibilities. About acting like an adult. But in the moment, he just lets his mind go blank, cranes his head up to kiss Seokjin right on the lips, and says, just as the movie's starting, "I want cookies?"

At least three of them laugh.

"After the movie," Seokjin says. He kisses Jimin on the temple. "We'll go get cookies."

"I'll go." Taehyung yawns. "Need shampoo."

Jimin settles back against the couch. "Thank you," he mutters. And then, as the volume of the movie grows louder, he whispers in Seokjin's ear, "I love you."

Seokjin grins, full and wide.

"I love you, too," he whispers.

Jimin smiles right back when Seokjin kisses him. Full and wide.

End Notes

hahaha. yeah. that was a lot of porn :')

anyways, i hope yall enjoyed!!! comments & kudos are always appreciated

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!